

The Middletown Transcript

VOLUME 50, NO. 44.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1917

PRICE THREE CENTS

SOLDIERS KNIT BAGS

Mrs. Clarence E. Pool Received Acknowledgment of Her Gift

FROM SOLDIERS IN FRANCE

A number of our kind-hearted ladies have been sending "Comfort Bags" to the Red Cross. As everybody knows a "comfort bag" is a soldier's kit containing the two dozen or more useful things for one who is deprived of the conveniences and comforts of a home.

Some of the ladies put in their bags brief messages of good will and cheer together with their names and addresses.

Among others, Mrs. Clarence E. Pool, of McDonough, did so in several of hers which finally found their way to a hospital in France, and two of the grateful recipients wrote in acknowledgment of her gifts.

The Transcript gives its readers a translation of a charmingly appreciative letter written on behalf of these two wounded French soldiers, by Mother Saint Zelle in charge of the "Auxiliary Hospital No. 6, at Coutances (Manche) France."

Her gentle epistle breathes a deep love for her "dear little wounded ones" that must touch the heart of every reader, and its appeal for a little help for those pitiful victims of cruel war, cannot fail to open the purses of many.

The chirography of the letter is as fine as the diction of the French is elegant. In the letter came a photograph of a group of 18 persons, all wounded young French soldiers save a French officer, an American gentleman, and "Mother Saint Zelle" and another nun standing on either side of the group.

The writer identifies two of the wounded from the fact that one of them has in his hand a small American flag, and another is holding the end of a scroll inscribed "SOUVENIR."

On the back of this post card photo appear two brief messages as follows: "Henri Fages of the 1st Colonial salutes his Benefactress;" "To Mrs. Clarence Pool our generous Benefactress—Leon Legoguelin, of the 6th Engineers"—Mother Zelle adds, "He has had an arm broken" (since the photo.)

The letter contains an engraving of the Hospital No. 6, having 106 beds and the Convent of the Sacred Heart, some 20 or more buildings with grounds around them, including the Cathedral proper.

Above this picture of the Convent and Hospital etc., appear these words: "Oh! how I love the Surprise Sacks for my dear little wounded ones. Thanks a thousand times, Mother Saint Zelle, Sacred Heart H. A. No. 6, Coutances (Manche) France." She calls the "Comfort Bags," "Surprise Sacks," it seems.

Here is the letter itself somewhat liberally rendered the better to disclose the delightful personality of the sweet-faced Mother Zelle who pens it.

October 8 1917
Good and venerated Madam:
You have labored with so much heart and generosity for our wounded French that I feel myself bound to join them in speaking a cordial "Thank you."

Before leaving the Hospital No. 6, Leon Legoguelin and Henri Fages requested me to send you this photograph where they all appear. Henry Fages was decorated with the Cross of War July 14th last. Brave warrior! he received many projectiles, in the cheeks, in the ears, in the lung, in the legs—from the fragments of an exploding shell. So you see your little protégé is a hero! Simple as a child, he is who in the photo holds in his hand a small American flag, for the day when this group was photographed our little hospital No. 6 had the honor of a visit from a noble American (gentleman.) There are there [in the hospital] combatants from Verdun, and from the Somme, many, alas! whom we cannot cure.

Leon Legoguelin, marked with a cross, has already rejoined his regiment, ready to resume the fight. They both send you many thanks for the "Surprise Sacks" which have given them a delicious pleasure. Our Frenchmen! With the thought that the American Ladies are interesting themselves in them can have no greater happiness. If the group I send you could make you hear them, Madam, they would one and all with all their forces acclaim our generous Allies in America, and all the ladies who sought thru their gracious gifts to revive their courage. Kindly, Madam, continue your favors to them.

In this group are found soldiers from the country actually invaded. For 3 years they have received neither money nor news, which is sad enough. Those are yet in the hospital. I cite you only two names if you will have the goodness to interest yourself in their lot, and interest some ladies of means therein. The thing they most need is a little money.

Delacroix Leon, of the 25th Infantry Battalion, received a very large wound in the right thigh. In the photo he is holding the end of the "souverain" bangle [his right hand]. It is a brave lad, though the injured North—without resources. At the left in the photo above him who is decorated [sitting down and wearing a cap], Rene Sayary of the 1st Colonial, wounded at Fort Douaumont near Verdun. No hope of a cure! [The sad face of this young and handsome fatally wounded soldier, fairly haunts one.]

To your gran'eur of soul I commend these two children of France, praying you to accept my lively and profound gratitude.

MOTHER SAINT ZELLE,
(near the Noble American) Sacred Heart Coutances.

The "noble American" must be the gentleman with his hand on a small flower stand in the foreground of the group, and "Mother Zelle," the nun standing on his left. The words "Pres du noble American"—"near the noble American"—written on one corner of the card puzzled the writer at first, then it dawned on him that it was Mother Zelle's modest way of identifying her own picture.

SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE

The following program has been arranged for the Sunday School Institute for Easton District, which will be held in Bethesda M. E. Church, this town, on Thursday and Friday, November 8th and 9th:

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8
AFTERNOON SESSION
1.45. Devotions.
2.00. Address: "Training for Leadership," Rev. Arlo Ayres Brown.
2.40. Address: "The Child and His Teachers," Mrs. Bert Morehouse.
3.20. Address: "Organization for Efficiency," Rev. Harry C. Wilson.
4.00. Sectional Conferences: Elementary, Mrs. Morehouse. Teacher Training, Mr. Brown. Organization, Mr. Wilson.

EVENING SESSION
7.30. Classes in Organization and Methods: The Beginners' and Primary Departments, Mrs. Morehouse. The Young People's Department, Mr. Brown. The Adult Department, Mr. Wilson.
8.30. Address: "The Twentieth Century Sunday School," Rev. Harry C. Wilson.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9
MORNING SESSION
9.15. Devotions.
9.30. Address: "Keeping the Records of the School," Rev. Harry C. Wilson.
10.00. Address: "Graded Instruction in the Sunday School," Rev. Arlo Ayres Brown.
10.30. Address: "The Use of Stories in Religious Education," Mrs. Bert Morehouse.

11.00. Sectional Conferences: Elementary, Mrs. Morehouse. Graded Lessons, Mr. Brown. Organization, Mr. Wilson.
AFTERNOON SESSION
1.45. Devotions.
2.00. Address: "Hand Work in Religious Education," Mrs. Bert Morehouse.
2.40. Address: "Building and Equipment for the Graded Sunday School," Rev. Harry C. Wilson.
3.20. Address: "The Making of a Teacher," Rev. Arlo Ayres Brown.
4.00. Sectional Conferences: Elementary, Mrs. Morehouse. Teacher Training, Mr. Brown. Organization, Mr. Wilson.
5.00. Adjournment.

Real Estate Sales
John Heldmyer, Jr., Real Estate Broker, has sold for Fred Williams his 44 acre farm on road between Middletown and Odessa, to Howard D. Ratledge. Mr. Ratledge has purchased this farm for a home and will move there March 1, 1918. Purchase price, \$8,000.00. Also, sold the farm of the Johns' heirs near Cecilton, Md., containing 180 acres, to Dr. Dorsey W. Lewis, and Mrs. Mary E. Wooleyhan's farm near Chesapeake City, Md., containing 40 acres, to E. L. Spear, of Bethel, Md. Purchase price, \$3,500.00. Also bought from Walter Dickerson, his farm on road leading from Odessa to Middletown, (Appleton Farm) containing 169 acres. I sold this farm to Mr. Dickerson in June 1916, and bought it from him last week at a nice advance over the price he paid for it, then this proves that land is advancing in price. Buy now, before it goes higher in price.

Met With Serious Accident
Miss Martha Cleaver, daughter of Mr. J. A. Cleaver, met with a serious accident on Tuesday afternoon at her home while coming down the stairs. The time of the accident, she was in the house alone and unfortunately fell and broke her right leg just above the knee, the break being a bad one. She was not discovered for some time and suffered very much from pain. Dr. D. W. Lewis was quickly summoned and had her removed to the home of her brother, John B. Cleaver, where she is receiving all possible attention. Although a great sufferer, we hear she is most patient and uncomplaining.

Help With Xmas Boxes
At a meeting of the Executive Board of the Red Cross, Wednesday evening, it was decided to remember those from our town now in service, at Christmas time. To each soldier, sailor and nurse whose postoffice address is Middletown, a box containing a two-pound fruit cake and a two-pound box of candy will be sent. Every man, woman and child of this community can lend a hand. Packages must be sent very soon, so bringing your donation—anything from five cents to ten dollars—to the Citizens' National Bank this week. A list of names of those in service will be published in next week's issue.

FRIENDS & VISITORS

Personal Items About People You See and Know

THOSE THAT COME AND GO

Miss Mary Culver is visiting relatives at Easton.

Mrs. A. Fogel was in Philadelphia part of this week.

Miss Edith Eliason, of Wilmington, visited relatives in town Sunday.

Mrs. A. K. Hopkins entertained Miss Anna Kirby, of Baltimore, Sunday.

Misses Madeline and Emma Pennington were in Philadelphia Wednesday.

Mrs. Carl Lynch and little son are guests of her mother at Snow Hill, Md.

Miss L. M. Miles and Miss Helen Manlove were in Wilmington Tuesday.

Miss Mildred Freeman, of Wilmington, spent the week-end at her home here.

Mrs. John B. Cooke, of Philadelphia, is visiting her mother, Mrs. G. W. Naudain.

Mrs. Joseph C. Jolls, Alice and Clinton Jolls were Wilmington visitors Saturday last.

Mrs. J. B. Messick and Mrs. P. B. Messick spent several days last week in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Margaret Darlington, of Baltimore, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Maria H. Jones.

Mrs. T. M. Purnell, of Snow Hill, Md., was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Messick.

Miss Gladys MacNamee, of Glenolden, Pa., spent part of this week with Mrs. George H. Johnson.

Miss Ada Scott entertained over the week-end Mr. and Mrs. William A. Perry, of Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Byron visited his son, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Byron, of Chester, Pa., this week.

Miss Laura Fogel entertained last week Misses Clara Dane and Sarah Stein, of Baltimore, Md.

Miss Bertha Jones, of Wilmington, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay LeFevre and daughter, of Wilmington, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Jolls.

Mr. and Mrs. John Voshell have returned from a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. Harvey L. Voshell, at New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. John W. Webb, of Wilmington, and Mrs. Charles C. Miller, of Philadelphia, were Monday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. William Whitlock.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Walls and son, and Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Caswell were in Wilmington Sunday and heard Rev. C. T. Wilson deliver a fine address at Asbury M. E. Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Jarrell, of near town, entertained on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Jarrell and son Malcolm, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jarrell, of Smyrna; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Darling, and Mrs. William Darling and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. James Thompson and daughters and Mr. William Knight, of Dover.

Mrs. H. A. Pool and Mrs. C. A. Hoffacker spent last Monday taking in route No. 9, of the schools of the county, in the interests of the Food Conservation of the Woman's National Defense League, Mrs. Charles Miller, chairman. They visited eight schools, delivering cards for the pupils to take to their parents for signatures and telling of the work of the Food Conservation Committee in the State. All the children, as well as the teachers seemed much interested in the subject and readily promised to do their part.

Forest Church Notes
Sunday, November 4th, 1917.
10.30 A. M. Public worship with sermon.
11.45 A. M. Sunday School session. Men are cordially invited to attend the Pastor's Bible Class.
2.30 P. M. Armstrong Chapel Sunday School.
6.45 P. M. Christian Endeavor service. Topic: "Perseverance." Eph. 6:10-20. Consecration meeting.
7.30 P. M. Evening service with sermon.
Wednesday evening, Prayer meeting. Do not forget to give your contribution to the Home Mission committee. The highly important Prohibition election will be held on next Tuesday. Let every "dry" citizen work earnestly for the success of the "dry" side. Do not fail to hear the speakers this week, and Senator Wolcott on Sunday afternoon in the Opera House.
"There is no inherent right in a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors." The United States Supreme Court. For the sake of prosperity, the home, morality and religion, vote "dry," and use your influence to secure a "dry" majority at the coming election.

Odessa St. Paul's Church Note
Sunday, November 4th, 1917.
9.45 A. M. Brotherhood Devotional meeting.
10.30 A. M. Morning worship with sermon.
2.00 P. M. Sunday School.
6.45 P. M. Epworth League.
7.30 P. M. A union temperance meeting. A popular speaker will make the address. Come!
Wednesday evening, Nov. 7th. Epworth League social. Free to all. Every leaguer is urged to come.

Card of Thanks
We are very thankful to the Volunteer Hose Company for saving our home and furniture during the fire on Wednesday, Oct. 31st.
MR. AND MRS. S. M. BARLOW.

ST. ANNE'S CHURCH NOTES

Sunday, November 4th. The 22d Sunday after Trinity.

Services: 10.30, Sermon and Holy Communion.

11.45, Sunday School session.

7.30, Evening Prayer and Address.

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER

November 1st. All Saints' Day.

November 4th. 22d Sunday after Trinity.

November 11th. 23d Sunday after Trinity.

November 18th. 24th Sunday after Trinity.

November 25th. Sunday next before Advent.

November 29th. Thanksgiving Day.

November 30th. St. Andrew, Apostle.

Soon we will have passed out of the Trinity Season into the new year of the Church, which begins on Advent Sunday. So the Church's year bears us onward from one precious Season to another; and so the memory of all these solemn mysteries—so awful, so needful to be remembered—is kept alive in our hearts—arts that of themselves, alas! are too prone to forget and pass them by. Alas! too, that with all the aids the Church offers her children, in thus providing stated times and occasions when by solemn outward ceremony we may recall sacred scenes of our Saviour's presence amongst us, and cultivate such tempers as shall fit us for his second coming—so many of us should be heartless and indifferent still!

God forgive us all! and help us so to love His holy word, and so to cherish all things that may aid us in the better understanding of it, that "His household, the Church," may be no longer open to such reproach, but "kept in continual gladness."

Meetings: The regular monthly meeting of the parish branch of the Woman's Auxiliary will be held in the Parish House, on Friday afternoon, at 2.30.

The Confirmation Instructions will be given at the Rectory on Monday afternoons, at a quarter after four o'clock. You are invited to join the class now preparing.

NOT DEAD, BUT ON FURLOUGH
The Middletown Branch of the Red Cross is neither dead nor is it going to pass out. Such an implication in the face of the splendid and continuous effort of this entire community for months is not merited, with charges of "dwindling into penitency." Would anyone say that in this great crisis such a spirit of meanness is a part of any Delaware community?

From the earliest call of the Red Cross Middletown men and women have devoted money, time and physical effort for the cause. Those giving most have done so at the expense of their homes, their children, and their winter preparations, until, finally, with the coming of the fall, the necessity of certain winter work could no longer be deferred. This is Middletown's situation. Help is scarce, indoors and out-of-doors. The major part of the home cares depend on those who were doing outside work. They had to give time to home duties, "switch" and not be aroused by the thunder of the Red Cross train passing by; but most of all of us are at home, performing certain homely, but necessary duties which can wait no longer.

In a short time surgical dressings, sweaters and stockings will begin to pour into the maw of the Red Cross from Middletown.

Never yet has Middletown refused to do its duty when it knew what its duty was. Middletown knows the Red Cross needs every effort it can command in order to save our country. It will meet these demands to the end.

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LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Many Condensed News Items of the Past Week

IN THIS AND NEARBY POINTS

Chestnuts are ripe.

Hallowe'en is gone.

Autumn tints appearing.

Winter apples are being picked.

Wheat seeding will be a little late.

The ice man should sell wood or coal now.

Fall flowers and foliage make the country beautiful.

If you want to lengthen your life, shorten your worries.

By the way, don't forget to do your Christmas shopping early!

The U. T. C. Sewing Circle was entertained Tuesday evening by Mrs. Mae Moore at her home on North Broad street.

The ladies of the Methodist Church in their Missionary Society supper realized \$183.95, and thank the generous public for their patronage which made this pleasing result possible.

The question of meat is a serious one for the people to consider. With fresh pork selling at 25 dollars per hundred, it looks as if we will have a great many meatless days, as other meats are also high.

To take a position with the Delaware Charter Guarantee and Trust Company, John J. Jolls, formerly of this town, clerk in the office of Prothonotary Joseph Wigglesworth, has resigned. He will be succeeded by Leonard G. Hagner, who is studying law in the office of Caleb E. Buchenal.

Mrs. J. Allen Johnson met with quiet a painful accident last Friday. While going down the cellar she stepped upon a nail which penetrated through the shoe, entering the foot almost from sole to instep. We are glad to state that at this writing Mrs. Johnson is doing nicely.

FARMERS TAKE NOTICE—Now is the time to lay aside a few of your best ears of corn in order to make a good showing at the Delaware State Corn Show to be held in Middletown, January 2d, 3d and 4th. Every farmer should exhibit, and thus help to make the Corn Show a grand success.

List of Letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office week-ending Oct. 25, 1917: Miss Belle Mettle, Mrs. Mary Read, Mrs. Mollie Rhodes, Mrs. Ada Wilson, Mrs. Anna Webb, Mrs. Enit Weekens and Messrs. Lawyer Laursen, Oliver J. Lewis, Elais Lunn, D. S. Roane (2), James A. Scott, George Wright.

Owing to Monday, November 5th, being the night before the momentous Dry and Wet election, the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary societies will postpone their regular meeting to Monday, November 12th, at the home of Mrs. W. B. Wilson. Mrs. J. E. Walls will have charge of the automobiles.

Special sale beginning Monday November 5th and ending Saturday, 10th, of quilts, blankets, sheets, sheeting muslin, pillow cases, bolster cases and muslin at PETERSON'S DEPT. STORE.

Given Farewell Social
The members of Bethesda M. E. Church tendered Mrs. John Armstrong a surprise farewell social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stewart on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Armstrong and family expect to move to Wilmington where her husband is employed in a short time. The choir presented its member with a dozen silver teaspoons. The time was spent socially, and at a late hour the guests were invited to the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Brockson where refreshments consisting of ice cream, cake and coffee were served. Those present were:—Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Dockerty, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Brockson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stewart, Mrs. John Armstrong, Mrs. Hattie Downs, Miss Adam Reed, Misses Anna Denny, Allie R. McKee, Emily Allee, Mr. Charles F. Beaton and Mr. George P. Swain.

In Fogel & Burstan's ad. a lady tells about her fluke of a catalog buy!

Bethesda Church Notes
Sunday, November 4th, 1917.
Brotherhood, Sunday, 9.30 A. M. Banning, leader.
Prayering at 10.30 by the Pastor. Sunday School at 2 P. M.
Temperance Address at 7.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7.30.
A temperance mass meeting will be held in the Opera House next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. Senator Wolcott and Judge Cochran will be the speakers. Voters, be sure to attend this meeting.

FATAL AUTO ACCIDENT

Mrs. John G. Townsend, of Selbyville, wife of the Governor of Delaware, was killed about 10 o'clock Saturday night at Dagsboro, Sussex county, when the automobile in which she and the Governor were riding overturned. Governor Townsend was bruised and lacerated on the arm and shoulder, but escaped serious injury.

Governor Townsend on Saturday afternoon was the orator at the cornerstone laying of the new dormitory in course of construction at the Women's College, at Newark. Mrs. Townsend and their son, Julian E. Townsend, and the latter's wife had accompanied him to Newark.

At Georgetown, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Townsend went to their own home. Governor and Mrs. Townsend then continued on toward their home in Selbyville. They were traveling along the duPont Boulevard when overtaken by the severe storm. It was pitch dark and the rain was falling in torrents, making it difficult to see very far ahead of the car.

Just after leaving Dagsboro Governor Townsend clamped down the brakes in an effort to bring his automobile to a stop and avoid crashing into a team. This caused his car to skid and it slipped off the paved section of the boulevard and struck the sand shoulder of the road. There it turned over, falling on its right side, with Mrs. Townsend pinned under the auto. Governor Townsend also was thrown from the machine, and when he was able to get to his feet he succeeded in lifting the heavy car sufficiently to get Mrs. Townsend from under it. Mrs. Townsend was not crushed by the auto, but was pinned down by it. It is said she died from shock.

The funeral services were held on Wednesday afternoon, at 1 o'clock from the Townsend residence. Interment was made in the Red Men's Cemetery Selbyville.

Do not miss hearing Mrs. Leonard E. Wales, of Wilmington, next Friday evening, at the New Century Club.

RED CROSS

Delaware knitters for the Red Cross are at present engaged in three drives—1st. The Navy League work for the battleship Delaware. 2d. The Military Relief work to go to Pershing's Army. 3d. The knitting of 1500 sweaters for our Delaware boys at Annapolis before November 20th. Middletown knitters are busy just now with the 3d drive, over fifty sweaters having been given out up to date. More knitters are needed immediately. Since September 24th Middletown has delivered to the Delaware Chapter of the Red Cross 240 knitted articles—all of which have passed inspection with flattering comment.

September 24th, articles returned—Sweaters, 69; mufflers, 34; wristlets, 50 pairs; total 153.

October 12th—Sweaters, 14; mufflers, 8; helmets, 8; specks, 9 pairs; wristlets, 9; total 48.

October 22d—Sweaters, 7; mufflers, 10; helmets, 16; socks, 6; total 39.

In all—Sweaters, 90; mufflers, 52; wristlets, 59; socks, 15; helmets, 24; total 240.

MARY HUTCHIN,
Chairman.

There has been a good deal of work done at the Club House during the past week. Fifty women have pledged themselves to come one, two or three days a week and work. If there are any others who are willing to come we would be glad to see them. There is work enough for everybody. We have a box ready to go to Wilmington, will someone offer to take it for us? The Club House is open for work every afternoon except Tuesday from 1.30 to 5. If you have any old paraffin, candle stumps or tin foil will you save it for us?

HELEN F. BRADY,
Chairman of Surgical Dressings.

PARENT-TEACHER MEETING
The regular monthly meeting of the Middletown Parent-Teacher Association was held in the school Assembly room last Friday afternoon, with the President, Mrs. Edward Ladley presiding. The following program was given:

Singing, "America;" Association Prayer; solo, "Farewell to Thee," P. L. McWhorter; recitation, "Hoover will get you," Frances Cochran; High School chorus, "Fairly Voices;" "A Ghost Story," Frances Cochran; Minutes of the last meeting; Reports of the various committees; an article by Dr. Garber, Supt. of Philadelphia Schools, read by Mrs. J. B. Cleaver; "Effect of the War on Schools of America," Mrs. Baker; "Safeguarding childhood years," Mrs. Howard Pool; "Safeguarding by Prohibition," Mrs. G. B. Pearson; "Woman's Committee of National Defense," Miss Lydia Eliason; "The President's Desk," Mrs. Colonel Crouch; "New Castle County Institute," Mrs. Walter Beaton.

A motion was made and seconded to send a letter to the Trustees of the Academy, thanking them for the improvements made to the inside and outside of the building during the summer. Reading, "Their Busy Day," Mrs. J. T. Shallcross.

Mrs. Walter Heaston and her aides then served refreshments of ice cream and cakes.

MUST SAVE THE FOOD

All Patriots Will Join in Feeding Our Allies

THEY NEED MEAT BADLY

All patriots will join the food saving movement to help feed our Allies in Europe who are now, as for 3 years they have been, fighting our battles not less than their own.

Remember, without our food help they lose, and when they lose we lose. Brutal Germany has become a world peril and must be put down! Our Allies must have food from us, especially meat, wheat, sugar and butter. Our wheat export to them must be increased from 88,000,000 to 220,000,000 bushels, and this can only be done if we substitute corn etc., to the amount of one fourth of our wheat consumed. The whole problem is solved if we use one pound of corn or other cereal flour for one pound of wheat weekly for every person, that is, reduce our wheat flour diet from 5 pounds to 4 a week.

The Allies need meat badly. Save one ounce of meat per person daily and their shortage can be made up. Less meat is beneficial to the health. We eat twice as much meat as is necessary anyhow. Then double your vegetable diet and be healthier!

We must also send our Allies more butter, milk and sugar—this can be done by economizing and substituting other foods. Use less candy and sweet drinks; use the darker syrups instead of sugar; more gravies, and less butter.

Experts tell us the food question wins or loses this war. Our very national life is threatened, for Germany has openly declared her intentions, after putting Europe under her heel, to attack us, and exact the enormous tribute of \$50,000,000,000 to pay all her own expenses!

We are sending our young men by the thousands to Europe, and before this thing is done, will have sent 5,000,000 of them to fight our own and the Allies' battles across the sea! This is the latest announcement from Washington. And to feed our soldiers there and those of our Allies, we here at home must deny ourselves a little, and stop wasting food as we do.

Surely, while these brave defenders of ours are toiling, suffering, dying on European battlefields it is as little as we can do, we who are enjoying all comforts and every safety, to give them food and thus help them win their fight.

To show how a trifling change in our diet counts in the big sum total, read the following:

If each person in the County of New Castle should save simply one slice of bread each day, the County would save 365 barrels of flour a day, or 13,322 barrels per year for our boys and our allies.

If each person in the County of New Castle should save simply one ounce of meat each day, they would save daily 9,541 pounds, and each year would save 3,482,465 pounds for our boys and our allies. If we learn to make the most of our resources during the war, we shall be ready for more efficient living after the war.

Governor Townsend of Delaware has asked the school boys and girls to help him and President Wilson to get mothers and fathers to sign pledge cards. This is an opportunity for school pupils to do their part in helping to win the war. Our President and Governor can depend on New Castle County pupils doing their bit willingly and gladly.

But, while the people are being thus urged to deny themselves in the matter of food necessities, it is only fair that those who are wasting the country's needed grains to make drink, should also be made to do a little saving. Enough food stuff is used in making our drink to feed all the Allies in Europe!

Must everybody save, and the liquor interests be free to waste food in making intoxicants?

Here is a sample of the many requests pouring into the White House:</

Little Problems of Married Life

By
WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

(Copyright)

THE SPECTRE OF CONSTANT JEALOUSY.

When a man is afraid to remark at the breakfast table, even mildly and casually, that, from what he has heard, Cleopatra must have been a beautiful woman, it is fair to assume that the spectre of constant jealousy dwells in that household. When a wife fears to look at the moon because she may be accused of admiring the man in it, the husband needs to be gently reminded that he is taking a very rapid short-cut to killing the love he seems to hold so sacred. Love is fed by confidence, trust, faith and serene restful reliance. Morbid jealousy is a poison of doubt, suspicion and injustice that dills the love it does not deaden.

Scientists tell us that every known poison is, in small doses, a stimulant; in larger doses it is a narcotic; in still larger it kills. In a mild form jealousy is inseparable from real love. It is the heart's guardianship of its treasure. It is the hunger for the sacredness of sole possession; the righteous demand to be first, absolute and supreme. It is the instinctive protest at even the thought of another sharing in those little tendernesses, graceful attentions, and words, looks and expressions of love that should be concentrated on one, not syndicated among many.

This instinctive jealousy, though roused in an instant, falls gently to sleep again with a smile of peace at the recognition of a false alarm.

Jealousy, in any instance, must belong to one of two classes. It is either justified by the facts or it is not; it is a right charge or an unjust one. If justified, the one who causes it may do so, in one or two instances, through thoughtlessness or because of a less finely balanced appreciation of the demands and duties of love, for some natures are more wounded by a look than others by a blow. Here a few words of gentle protest may bring a new course of action that is absolutely jealousy-proof. If the offending acts become a continuous performance, then the offender is unworthy of either the love or the jealousy. But if the constant jealousy be undeserved, the one thus continuously storming in jealous temper is not worthy of the love and loyalty thus traduced and put to scorn.

Nothing weakens loyalty and constancy so quickly as morbid jealousy; nothing inspires, feeds, strengthens and almost guarantees loyalty and constancy like loving confidence, real comradeship and restful trust.

Jealousy, even when justified, should not be permitted to run away with discretion. The emotional pain it may be natural to feel it may not be wise to express. There is a tendency to an emotional explosion that may wreck happiness. It is a moment when one should heed the advice of the sign at a railroad crossing: "Stop, look and listen." The first suspicion in married life may be more hazardous than the first real quarrel. It may develop an exaggerated estimate of the importance of what may have been merely a foolishly indiscreet word or action.

The offender, conscious of innocence of real wrong even in thought may become angered and indignant at condemnation many times too large for the offense; apology for the minor thoughtlessness may be withheld or if spoken, ignored in the presence of the injustice of a weightier charge. The burden of injustice becomes shifted to the one originally innocent. If the inadvertence of a moment, now looming large, be but an error of action, not of mind or of heart, it should instantly be forgiven and forgotten because explained and understood.

If there be real reason for jealousy in a trifle, wise action may confine it to the trifle. Jealousy through its own indiscreet expression may plant what it fears. Let the wounded one seek to find the cause that led to the action inspiring the jealousy. The wife, through pique at being neglected, may receive innocently and unwisely the kind attention of another. The husband, brought to realization of the drifting possibilities of his negligence, may by special marks of affection, returning to the old courtship methods, restore the old certainty of faith and aliveness. If wise, he will let the consciousness of his initial wrong keep him from revealing too plainly his pain. Angry protests and condemnation never cure; they merely put a premium on secrecy and deception. It does not remove the disease, it merely drives it into the system.

In every instance of jealousy the innocent one should meet it at the beginning, at its earliest manifestation. This means recognition and a wise determination to remove the cause, but does not justify blame or indignant streams of condemnation flowing hot and lava-like from an emotional Vesuvius.

There is a false pride that says, "If he is growing interested in another let him go. I will not compete for his affection," or, "If she feels that way, let her have her way." Love, happiness and trust are treasures too sacred for us to permit them to slip out of our lives and leave us lone and dreary, on the mere technicality of the petty pride of a moment. This philosophy of resignation may be proper when it becomes inevitable, but never before. We would not let health, money, position, reputation or property thus drift away without using every effort to retain it; why does false pride sometimes make us so reckless with what means most to us?

Morbid jealousy is a real, sad problem of the married life of many homes. It may break out at any moment and many a guest, as he passes his cup for more tea, is struck with surprise at the strange expression on the face of the hostess, sees the lightning flash in her eyes and watches it strike the innocent husband at the end of the table, and the guest almost hears the thunder as he hopes he will be home before the

cloudburst comes. And the sudden sultry atmosphere, and that strange hush, with the air of the room surcharged with electricity, may all have come in a moment with not the slightest real justification. It is the self-torture of love.

To morbid jealousy civility, just of the ordinary type, becomes flirtation; indifference, disguised feelings; good spirits, conscience making a wrong; silence, thinking of some one else—all is translated by the cipher code of jealousy. Jealousy always plays with loaded dice—the cast is always fore-ordained. Jealousy does not require a cause, it is satisfied with an opportunity. It may be inspired by what one does or does not do, what one thought or did not think, what one said or did not say; it may be what one might have done or should have done or said or left undone. Jealousy conjugates in all moods and tenses.

To this morbid jealousy explanations mean nothing but aggravation or a change of a base of attack. The most tactfully delivered explanation is often dexterously caught, and with a whisk of the vocabulary is quickly transformed into a foaming whipped-cream conviction on some other phase, while the innocent sufferer, in a dazed way, wonders how it was done. Vesuvius, in its eruptions, is slow, small-like inactivity compared with the explosions of this jealousy. Unlike cigar smoking, jealousy is not a one-sex specialty. This morbid jealousy is always unreasonable and unreasonable. Its misinterpretation of a word, a motion or a glance may throw into eclipse the loyal unselfish devotion of a life, and the one who suffers innocently in this tempest must bow the head in helplessness, realizing that words of protest would count no more than attempting to lead a tornado to change its itinerary.

Jealousy stifles faith, which is the soul of love. It is emotional suicide. It is a peculiar form of fear which seeks constantly to discover what it does not want to find. Jealousy is the chloroform of confidence. It requires faith to keep faith, trust to retain trust, love to cherish love.

Jealousy blights spontaneity and the free expression of one's thought; one soon consigns one subject after another to the quarantine of the unspoken. One involuntarily sterilizes one's conversation, omitting simple little incidents and references nothing in themselves but which experience has shown carry storm-signals, so that one involuntarily picks one's way carefully in talking, like a person getting up at night in a dark, chair-sprinkled room. How Cupid must moan when he finds married people grown taciturn and polite with each other. The delightful free interchange of thought can exist only as love and trust make blue-chambered chambers of interdicted subjects unnecessary and impossible in conversation. We should guard carefully against closing up any room of confidence in the mind and heart of one we love.

There is pathos in this morbid jealousy, for innocence of the object of the feeling can prevent it. It is like one of those concave or convex mirrors that distort whatever passes before them. This unreasonable jealousy is hard on two people—the subject and the object. Its presence in the home means a problem for two. For one it means the overcoming of a morbid suspicion and the other somehow to keep the sacred flame of love burning despite the suspicion. There is always a benumbing, paralyzing sense of helplessness and of hopelessness in resting under a cruel, unjust charge more awful when it is made by one who should be most ready of all the world to be convinced of the innocence of the accused.

Jealousy is a disease that can be cured only by the subject, not by any one else in all the world. No matter how gentle, kind, forbearing, forgiving and forgetting the object of it may be, this in itself will not cure the attacks. The subject whose heart is thus swayed by fierce gales of jealousy must first awaken to the folly of it, the injustice of it, must be conscious of the trail of bitterness and unhappiness it brings to both, must realize the cruel continued assault on the tolerance, love, loyalty and patience of the other, and when the next attack comes, seek by strength of will, by force of character, by consecrated self-control and by every help of highest wisdom to kill the feeling.

Jealousy must be fought as one would fight against a pestilence that threatens the safety of a town or a country. It is not sufficient conquest merely to hold back the expressions of the jealousy; the continuous repression simply defers the explosion and makes the next outbreak more disastrous. Jealousy must be killed in the thought. In the mind, the battleground of the soul, must the fight of extermination be waged. In the thought must the jealousy be neutralized by faith, conquered by justice, and transformed by trustful love into a restful abiding confidence that only absolute proof and certainty of just cause can ever reawaken.

Quality of Knowledge Counts. What is needed to elevate the soul is not that a man should know all that has been thought and written in regard to the spiritual nature—not that a man should become an encyclopedia; but that the great idea, in which all discoveries terminate, which sum up all sciences, which the philosopher extracts from infinite details, may be comprehended and felt, quotes William Ellery Channing. It is not the quantity, but the quality of knowledge, which determines the mind's dignity.

A great mind is formed by a few great ideas, not by an infinity of loose details. I have known very poor in intellect, because they had no grand thoughts. . . . The illumination of an age does not consist in the amount of its knowledge, but in the broad and noble principles of which that knowledge is the foundation and inspirer.

Jeremiah in the Pillory. The prophet Jeremiah was confined in the pillory (Jeremiah 29:26), who appears to have been a common mode of punishment in his time. Ancient Hebrew prisons contained a special chamber for the pillory. This was termed "the house of the pillory."—Chronicles 16:10.

KEEP SEED CORN SAFE DURING THE WINTER

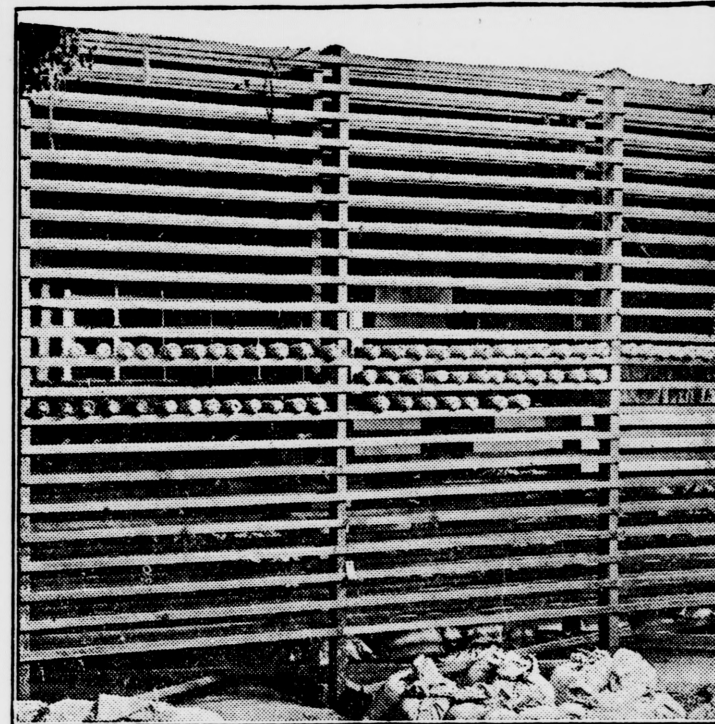
(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Seed corn may be left on the racks where the ears have been dried. But it is generally preferable, says the United States department of agriculture, to store the ears in mouse-proof barrels, boxes or crates during the winter. In any case they must not be exposed to dampness or they will absorb moisture and be injured.

After hanging in the drying shed, or lying on the racks where there is constant circulation of dry air for the first two months after they have been selected from the stalks in the field, the seed ears should be bone dry and contain less than 10 per cent of moisture. Some farmers place the thoroughly dry ears in the center of a wheat bin and then fill the bin with loose, dry wheat.

Destroy Weevils and Moths. If signs of weevils or grain moths show, the corn should be inclosed with carbon bisulphid in a practically airtight room, bin, box or barrel for 48 hours. The liquid bisulphid should be placed in shallow dishes on top of the box or barrel holding ten bushels or less. The fumes from the bisulphid are heavier than air and gradually fall to the bottom of the receptacle, permeating the whole mass. One pound of the carbon bisulphid is enough for a room or bin ten feet in each dimension.

After fumigation the ears must be thoroughly aired, whereupon the unpleasant odor disappears. Great care should be used with carbon bisulphid; its fumes are quite as inflammable as those from gasoline. To prevent the entrance of weevils and moths, the ears may be stored in comparatively airtight boxes or barrels with one pound of moth balls or naphthalene for each bushel of corn, which is not injured. Ten pounds will protect enough seed to plant 60 acres.



CONVENIENT RACK FOR DRYING SEED CORN.

ASPARAGUS THRIVES IN ALMOST ANY SOIL

Planting Can Be Done Any Time in Fall, Winter or Spring—Plow Land Thoroughly.

(By W. W. THOMAS.)

Asparagus will grow and thrive in almost any kind of soil so long as it is well drained. It can be, and is, successfully grown in the North and South, East and West. Planting can be done any time in the fall, winter or spring, when the ground can be put in proper condition with a good harrow.

The land should be plowed thoroughly and deep, and put in proper condition.

Rows should be marked off with a two-horse plow 4 feet apart, going twice in the same furrow, making it as deep as possible.

There will be several inches of loose soil in the bottom of the furrow on which to place the plants, the crowns of which should be 5 or 6 inches below the level of the ground.

The plants should be set from 12 to 18 inches apart in the row. They should be covered with about 1 inch of soil when planted in the early fall or the spring, and as soon as they commence to grow the dirt can be worked to them with a cultivator until the ground is level.

If planted in the late fall or winter it should be covered with two furrows with a one horse plow. The ridge thus formed should be worked down very early in the spring with disc or cutaway harrow, going as deep as possible but not deep enough to injure the plants.

One year old roots should be used. The practice of planting two, three and four year old roots should be discouraged, as it has been thoroughly demonstrated that the one-year old roots are superior to others in starting an asparagus bed.

It should be equally as well planted in the fall as the spring. From experience I find late fall planting very successful. I would, however, advise the planting at whatever time best suits the planter. A field when once established will last for years.

I know of many fields from which asparagus has been cut for 30 years, and they are still producing good crops.

After the field has been thoroughly worked with the disc or harrow in the spring, as described above, use the cultivator as often as necessary to keep the ground in good, loose condition, and keep all the weeds out of the rows with a hoe.

The cutting season will last about two months, during which time the field should be cultivated often. Asparagus should be well fed with manure or commercial fertilizer which can be applied at almost any season of the year.

Manure is either spread on top of the row late in the fall and covered with a plow, thus leaving a ridge until spring, or is applied in a furrow close to the row, either in the spring, summer or fall.

This gets the manure close to the

Useful Birds. Ducks, geese and guineas are as good as a watchdog to give an alarm of approaching strangers. They are more profitable, too, because the food they consume is converted into salable products.

Blanching Celery. Celery is best blanched by placing clear dry dirt about the plants when they are dry. If the work is done when the soil or plants are wet they are very certain to decay.

roots, and is considered the best way to use either manure or commercial fertilizer.

Stock peas can also be used to help in fertilization and to keep the soil loose. They can be sowed broadcast when the cutting season is over.

Salt is a good fertilizer for asparagus, and if applied early in the spring will not only assist in fertilizing, but will greatly retard the growth of other vegetation so that during the cutting season there will be but little growth of weeds or grass. A cheap grade of salt may be obtained for this purpose.

In the fall all the asparagus tops should be moved and removed from the field. Then take the plow and throw two furrows on the row after applying the manure.

Cutting for market commences one year after planting, and as soon as the stalks are a few inches high.

The cutting should be very light the first year, and the season should not be long.

STRAW TOO PRECIOUS TO BE THROWN AWAY

May Be Used in Feed Ration for Horses, Sheep and Rougher Cattle With Silage.

(By F. W. Peck, University Farm, St. Paul, Minn.)

Burn no straw this fall.

Every ounce of straw is always of value, and this year it will be of greater value than usual.

It is needed for live stock, because the roughage crop is short.

Straw may be used in the feed ration for horses, sheep and rougher cattle with silage and a small amount of grain. This cheapens the ration and saves good hay and grain for other uses.

Liberal bedding with straw, if it is plentiful, also increases the amount of manure to be applied to the soil. Less of the fertility elements in liquid manure are lost and bedding with more costly material is made unnecessary. The stock are made more comfortable and hence more productive. The fertility value at normal prices of the fertilizer elements amounts to about \$3 a ton for wheat straw and \$4 a ton for oat straw. At present abnormal prices this is increased several times. At least 75 per cent of this should be saved by proper conservation.

Threshing straw in the barn or baling it before unsettled weather comes are excellent ways of preserving. Otherwise straw should be stacked where it will be easily accessible for winter use. Not an ounce of straw should be burned this fall.

HANDLING OF COLT FAVORED

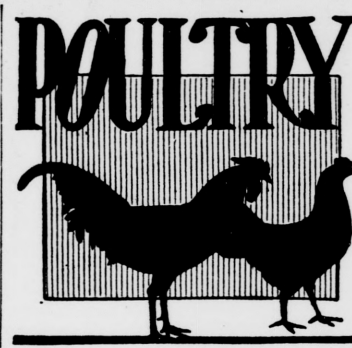
Young Animal Should Be Kindly and Carefully Treated—Will Help Greatly in Breaking.

Handle the colts as much as possible during the winter and as carefully. The most marked feature of the horse's intelligence is its memory, consequently the handling given the colt in early life will always be remembered, and if it has been of the right sort will aid in the "breaking."

Storage of Vegetables. Storage of any vegetables in large piles should be avoided as this is liable to cause heating and decay.

Straw Is Valuable. Straw is money this year. It always has been, only we did not recognize the fact.

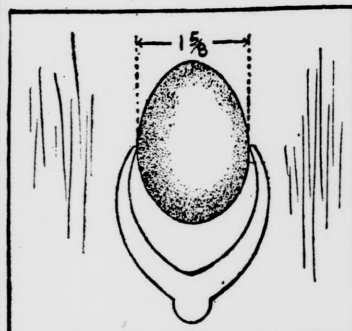
Clean, healthy wheat seed is essential. The fanning mill and the formaldehyde bath will earn big dividends next year.



EGGS OF ANY DESIRED SIZE

Expert of United States Department of Agriculture Has Adopted Gauge for Farmers.

Mr. Frank C. Hare, in his work for the United States department of agriculture among the South Carolina farmers, has adopted the accompanying egg gauge so that the farmers can select eggs of the desired size. An egg that will not enter the hole crosswise is a standard sized egg and will weigh two ounces or more. An egg whose smaller dimensions is less than one and five-eighths inches, the distance



An Egg Gauge.

between the two points of the gauge, is rejected for sending to market. It might be well to fashion one for your own use.

DETERMINE AGE OF POULTRY

While There Is No Positive Rule to Go By There Are Certain Conditions to Guess By.

Strictly speaking, there is no positive test for the age of poultry. However, a close guess can be made under certain conditions. For instance, the size of spurs generally distinguishes a two-year-old bird; yet the writer has had young birds develop spurs that would have done credit to older birds. On the other hand, he has had two-year-old birds with spurs that were as short and rounded as those of a cockerel. To some extent the texture of the leg is a guide, and so is the delicacy and freshness of the skin of the face and comb. Yet there will be occasional hens that have a youthful appearance to a remarkable degree.

Probably a better test is the skin of the body, that of the older fowl being coarser and drier in appearance. A pullet will show rose-colored veins on the surface of the skin under the wings. Long silky hairs will also be grown there; but after the pullet has become a year old these hairs and veins will disappear and the skin will grow white and velvety.

It is more difficult to determine the age of water fowls than it is of other poultry.

COOPS FOR FATTENING HENS

Object Is to Reduce Exercise and Increase Consumption of Fat-Producing Materials.

Fattening fowls are not complicated or need not be to bring fat results. The principle of fattening is to reduce the exercise and increase the consumption of fat-producing food. If the farmer possesses a number of small shed-roof brood coops such as are used for sitting hens with chicks, these coops will be fine for fattening hens. Each coop will accommodate about five hens without crowding and they will have little opportunity for fighting or scratching. Feed them three times each day from a pan containing a sloppy mixture of sour milk and corn meal and allow the hens to eat all they will consume. After each feeding remove the pan so that any remaining feed will not become contaminated with dirt and cause the birds to lose their appetites.

RETAIN LATE MOLTING HENS

Contrary to Opinion of Few Years Ago They Are Best Layers—Fatten Early Motters.

The late molting hens are often better layers than the early molting hens. Fatten the early motters and put them on the market. Keep the late motters. The hen that molts in October and November, as a rule, is a better layer than the one that molts in July and August. This is contrary to the opinion of some years ago.

FANCY PRICE FOR BROILERS

Around Holiday Season There Is Always Big Demand for Chickens Hatched in Fall.

Chickens hatched in early fall should bring fancy prices as broilers or fryers near the holiday season. There is generally a great demand for fryers or broilers at that season and those who have them usually are fortunate.

VENTILATING HENHOUSE

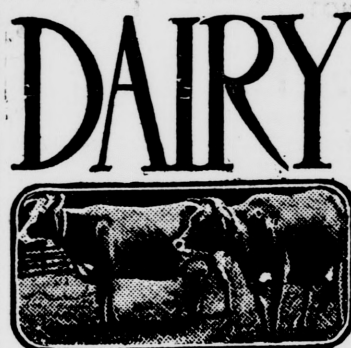
Poultry houses should be well ventilated in summer. Every glass window, cloth curtain and board door should be left open night and day, or removed until cold weather.

KEEP ALL SIDES OPEN

During warm weather it does not matter which side of the house is open—it would be better if all sides were out.

CLEAN AND FRESH WATER

Let the ever-present watchword of the poultryman be, "Clean and fresh water at all times."



DAIRY

QUIETNESS OF GREAT VALUE

Something That Should Be Insisted Upon and Rigidly Enforced Among the Dairy Herds.

The value of quietness among the dairy herds is something that should be insisted upon and rigidly enforced. The intruding hunter is fast being kept out by signs to that effect; but even then one or two sometimes get in when no one is looking. A cow usually hates a dog, and her hate is even increased when the dog is noisy or runs at her. She may not get over the agitation for a day or two, and if



Contented Members of Herd.

the meantime the disturbance shows its effect in the milk supply. If the manager of a herd has nothing to offer in the way of kindness or love to his animals he can do infinite harm. He may apparently lose control of himself at times and feel justified in delivering severe beatings; but such actions are not good as an excuse. Forbid any kicks in the bellies or any striking over the rumps or backs with clubs. Cases are on record of serious harm being done to cattle by those who do not take some forethought on how to manage with reason.

CALVES ON SEPARATOR MILK

Poor Practice to Pour Liquid Into Dirty Trough and Let Animals Drink Their Fill.

If we are ready to admit that a cow's milk is too good for a cow's calf and that it is economically profitable to rob the future cow for the sake of present gains, then it is quite necessary to know how to raise calves on separator milk or other artificial and unnatural foods, says a writer.

The usual practice is to pour separator milk, sometimes cold, into a large trough which is never cleaned, and allow the calves to drink until they are satisfied. This method means potbellied, runty calves, that never make the growth they should, even though they fortunately escape the ravages of indigestion.

COW RELISHES ROUGH FEEDS

Animal Possessed of Large, Roomy Digestive Tract That Is Built for Handling Bulky Feed.

Unlike the hog, the cow has a large roomy digestive tract that is built for the handling of rough feeds. The cow digests her feed to best advantage when her ration is bulky, as the bulky parts of the feed keep the small particles of grain apart and thus allow them to be thoroughly acted on by the digestive juices. The hay and silage should not constitute all the bulk of the ration, as part of it can profitably be supplied by such feeds as corn and cob meal, ground oats, wheat bran and distillers' dried grains.—Iowa Circular 34.

RINGING SELF-SUCKING COW

One Plan Is to Put Brass Ring in Animal's Nose—Gets Ring Instead of Her Teat.

A number of methods of preventing a cow from sucking herself have been suggested, among them being the one of putting a brass ring in the cow's nose large enough that when she opens her mouth to take hold of the teat she will get the ring. If a large ring is used two small ones can be linked into the one that goes in the nose which will answer the same purpose.

FARMER WHO WILL SUCCEED

Profit Over High Cost of Labor and Feed for Meat, Milk, Dairy and Poultry Products.

Advancing prices for meat, milk, dairy and poultry products will bring a profit over the high cost of feed and labor, and the farmer who has kept a good stock of breeding animals is pretty sure to receive handsome returns.

CONTROL OF MILK GLANDS

The milk glands are under direct control of the nervous system and any conditions which affect the nervous system are sure to react upon the milk-producing glands.

Sun as Disinfectant. Remember that the sun is an excellent disinfecting agent. Sun the milk and cream utensils after washing.

PROFIT FROM DAIRYING

If you would make a profit from dairying, raise your cow feed.



NATIONAL SYSTEM OF ROADS

Expert at National Capital Illustrates How Scheme Is to Be Brought to Successful End.

The establishment of a national system of highways is greatly facilitated by the federal aid road law, which compels all the states that would share in its benefits—and that means all of the states—to equip themselves with state highway departments. With these state highway departments devoting their attention to the building of state systems of main, through-line highways, every condition is favorable for the next and crowning act—the establishment of a national system of highways.

By way of illustrating how a national system of highways is about to be evolved by easy and logical stages, an expert at the national capital made the following statement:

"Gradually the state has made itself a compelling factor in the handling of local road problems and, as a logical sequence, the federal government, first through educational activity and later by the financial aid provided by the federal aid law, has made itself a powerful factor in the working out of the state highway problems. The next logical step follows the same course which has been pursued by the state governments, namely, the broadening of federal participation to provide for the establishment of a system of national highways.

"This policy can be put into effect without disturbance of existing organizations, without providing new means of finance and with but little change in existing laws. The process would logically take a course somewhat as follows:

"1. The state highway departments and the federal office of public roads would make an initial selection from existing state highway systems of those highways which are of interstate importance.

"2. A system thus selected would be approved by congress, with the requirement that federal funds be applied only to such system on and after a specified date.

"3. The federal aid should be extended to maintenance as well as construction, as the national system of highways should have for all time a close relationship with the federal government.

"Some of the states already have made plans for utilizing the aid granted by the federal aid road act on roads which could not properly be included in a national system. But this need



Concrete Road in Mississippi.

not cause extreme conflict, as the federal funds for the first three or four years' operation of the present act could continue to be applied as now planned. The appropriations for the first two years are already available and considerable time necessary must elapse before the national system could be laid out and made ready for the application of federal funds.

"In all probability the new scheme would come into effect as an extension of the present federal aid road act."

WHY FAMILY MOVED TO TOWN

Compelled to Make Change Because of Poor Schools and Bad Roads—Remedy for Poverty.

"Why don't they go on to a farm?" is the question with which many men dismiss from their minds the story of some poverty-stricken family. The chances are five to one that that same family was induced to move to town because of poor schools and poor roads in the country. The remedy for much of the poverty now in our towns is good roads and good schools in the country. Why should not country schools be given the same attention given city and town schools? Why should not the children be permitted to go to them over good roads with dry feet, instead of wading through mud and water? Good roads will make the country a better place in which to live.

CULL GROWING FLOCK

Cull the growing flock of chicks as much as possible, market all that are in any way inferior but in good health, and kill and bury all which seem weak or sickly. It will not pay to keep any but the strongest and best chicks.

PREVENT TUBERCULOSIS

To prevent tuberculosis, all milk and milk products should be cooked before being fed to hogs. To control hog cholera use sanitary precautions and anti-hog cholera serum treatment.

WHERE FORTUNE LIVES

Fortune lives on an improved highway. Misfortune on a poor one.

CIVILIZATION'S PARASITES

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

WARREN'S VIEWS ON A SECOND MARRIAGE ARE EMPHATIC AND BRUTALLY FRANK

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



Mabel Herbert Urner

"Dear, I almost dread meeting her. I know I'll be prejudiced."

"Why?" demanded Warren crisply, as they strolled on through the listless quiet of a Sunday afternoon. "Everybody says she's a mighty fine woman."

"But it's been barely a year! They might have waited a little longer."

"What for? If he's lonely and with that big barn of a house—why should he wait? Just to satisfy a few cackling old women?"

"Oh, I know," conceded Helen, "but I can't help but—"

"Now see here, we're calling on the new Mrs. Dawson—get those ideas out of your head. Dawson was mighty good to his first wife, and his marrying again is nobody's business but his own. Hold up, isn't this the house?"

It was a four-story brownstone, with a square bay window, a stone balustrade and an air of substantial dignity.

They were ushered into the long, high-ceilinged front parlor with its center chandelier, marble mantel and heavy black walnut furniture.

The first time they had been in that room was at the funeral. The coffin had stood in the back parlor, just beyond the folding doors. Helen could see it now—the lustrous black cloth, the silver handles, and the white flowers banded from the floor.

"It seems good to see you people again," was Mr. Dawson's cordial greeting. "Come upstairs and meet Irene. We have our sitting room up there now."

They followed him up the curved stairway to the large front room which had always been the guest room. Now it was wholly transformed.

With very evident pride, Mr. Dawson introduced the slender, girlish woman who came forward to meet them.

Her unexpected youth stabbed Helen with swift resentment. Mrs. Dawson had been almost forty and inclined to stoutness.

"A very attractive room," Warren was saying to relieve an embarrassing pause. "They don't build them this size any more."

"Yes, we think it's more cheerful than downstairs," her voice was pleasantly low. "It's so hard to do anything with those long front parlors. They're so stiff and formal—don't you think?"

"They are rather hopeless," admitted Helen, who was taking a flashing inventory. The room had been entirely done over and refurnished. Window seat, low bookcases, easy chairs, some gayly blooming geraniums and a bowl of cut flowers made it a very cheerful, livable place.

"Would you like to see the other rooms?" suggested Mrs. Dawson, when her husband and Warren had settled themselves with cigars.

She led the way through the hall into their bedroom. Helen caught her breath at the transformation. White and old rose was the color scheme. Twin beds of ivory enamel with rose-satin comforters, a dressing table aglitter with silver, the rugs, the hangings, even the lounging robe and slippers, were part of the atmosphere of luxurious comfort.

There was nothing to suggest the dark, plain room with its heavy oak bedstead set and assertively flowered carpet which had seemed all sufficient to the late Mrs. Dawson.

"I'm glad you like it," at Helen's murmured admiration. "It was so dark with those north windows—I had to do something to lighten it. It's more attractive at night," touching a switch at the door that lit up the lace-shaded lamps.

"Oh, how lovely! I didn't know you had electricity."

"We've just put it in. You can't do anything with gas. This is Mr. Dawson's room," opening a connecting door. "His den, where he can throw things and be comfortably untidy."

It was a cheerful, manly room, in warm reds and browns. On a magazine-strewn table stood a shaded reading lamp, and beside it an easy leather chair. A moose head and some mounted horns, souvenirs of his hunting trips, were on the wall.

Over the mantel were the only things that Helen had so far recognized—an early portrait of the former Mrs. Dawson, and one of their only child, Robert.

"Yes, that is Mr. Dawson's little boy," flushing slightly, as she saw Helen's glance rest on the picture. "Didn't you ever see him?"

"Oh, yes, often. It's only been about two years since he died. He was drowned—but I suppose you know about that."

"I've heard something, but I've never wanted to ask Mr. Dawson about it."

"It was while they were in the country. He was sailing a toy boat. They never knew just how it happened—only the nurse was with him."

Helen felt her tense interest and unspoken questions, but she shrank from discussing the child. As they turned back into the bedroom, Mrs. Dawson paused by the window, nervously pulling at the shade cord.

"Those portraits were in this room, but I couldn't bear that—so I hung them in there. Perhaps I shouldn't speak of it, it may seem very selfish—but I want so much to hang the one of Mrs. Dawson down in the back parlor with the other family portraits. I can't bear to ask Mr. Dawson, but you've known them so long—do you think it would hurt him?"

"Oh, I don't know," faltered Helen in embarrassed surprise.

"It fairly haunts me—I can't bear to go in that room. She—she must have been very beautiful."

"That was painted when they were first married," unguardedly. "She didn't look like that."

"Oh, she didn't?" turning eagerly. "Was she—much different?"

The picture of Mrs. Dawson as Helen knew her was very different from this idealized portrait of her youth. She knew that a frank description would ease this young bride's jealousy, but she could not give it.

"Forgive me—I shouldn't have asked. But you can't know how hard it is. I feel always that I've only a second place—that she was first. He's everything to me, there was never anyone else in his life—but there has been in his. I can't forget that."

Helen was conscious of a curious feeling, almost of satisfaction. Instead of the proud, insolent security in her husband's love that she had expected in this young and attractive woman, there was uncertainty and doubt, a brooding jealousy of a past that she could never share.

She had transformed the house. Lavishly she had spent time and money to obliterate the atmosphere of this other woman. In these rooms there was nothing left as a reminder—except the portrait, and that had now become a rankling obsession.

"Please don't think me unresponsive," Helen was tracing a design on the rose satin couch, "but you know I was very fond of Mrs. Dawson."

"Oh, I know, and I hope you won't misunderstand. But it's been very hard—coming in among all these associations. I almost wish we had given up the house and taken an apartment."

"Come back here and see my den," Mr. Dawson's voice came from the hall. Then as he passed the door, "Aren't we going to have tea, Irene?"

"Oh, of course," hastily. "I'll ring for it now."

"I say, this is a corking room," came Warren's voice. "No, thanks; I've smoked enough."

"Irene," called her husband, "let's have the tea served in here."

"Oh, it's much nicer in the sitting room." Then hastily, "but of course if you'd rather—"

It was served in the den, but Helen noticed that Mrs. Dawson sat with her back to the portrait.

"Haven't Irene worked wonders with this old house? We're going over the third story now. Going to have the guest room up there."

Helen thought of Mrs. Dawson's rigid economy. They were spending more in a few months than she had in years. Had all her self-denial been only to contribute greater luxuries to the woman who had taken her place?

"Well, they seem to be hitting it off pretty well," was Warren's comment when they finally came out in the gray chill of the late afternoon. "You liked her, didn't you?"

"Yes, very much."

"She's making him comfortable, all right. She's worked a great stunt on that second floor—used to be a gloomy old tomb."

"Oh, I know, but in a way I resent the changes. You'd think he'd have kept some of the old things. She even wants to hang away that portrait of Mrs. Dawson."

"Well, if it gets on her nerves—why shouldn't she? No sense in either of them brooding over the past."

With clutching depression Helen thought of her own picture in their bedroom. It was not a portrait, only a silver-framed photograph on Warren's chiffonier, but it had stood there ever since they were married.

"Then you think if a man marries again—that it's right to put out of sight everything that recalls the first wife?"

"I think a lot of this sentimentality is all rot. The first wife had a clear field—why should the second one be saddled with a batch of cold-storage memories?"

"Cold-storage memories! Warren, is that all it would mean?" She caught back the words.

"Eh? What's that? Oh, getting personal, are you? Well, don't worry. I'm not so sure that I'd take another chance. It's a mighty big compliment to the first wife when a man has the courage to marry again—just remember that."

Medieval Sleeve Well Liked Here

New York.—It is not possible to divide the new gowns into strongly differing sections. No designer has taken a period and copied her gowns from it with certainty and exactitude. All of the French and American workers have jumbled their history in a way that would give the seeker after truth a brainstorm.

It is well for the public at large that the designers do not stick too closely to period clothes. When the decorators insist that one cannot have a curtain, a vase or a cushion in a room that is drawn from a certain period, we get beautiful pieces of interior decorative work which should be in a museum, but which have little relationship to an intimate home life.

It is wise for every woman to learn, and it would be well if one could only teach the artists and decorators the same thing, but the kind of work that one must live with is another. We can go to museums or department shops and see period rooms and period dress, but human nature resents the thought of having such limited waking and sleeping hours. Therefore, we greet with pleasure the fact that vastly different periods of history have been dipped into for the new clothes; but anachronism is rife.

Callot and the Empire.

The Callot gowns were the last to get to this country, and they presented no new note, except the introduction of the First Empire silhouette. Even when Callot took the most symbolic feature of this period, which is the high waistline, that slightly girdles the figure just under the bust, she added medieval sleeves to it that the Empress Josephine never wore.

The most dominant First Empire frock that Callot has sent over is of brilliant red that is neither geranium, Japanese nor wine. She calls it "incendio." It has the richness of a

can-designed gown, which have obviously taken the medieval sleeve as the chief feature.

An entire chapter of dress could be written concerning this sleeve. It has played a most historic part in the evolution of fashion throughout the centuries.

America was quite well aware that some type of long, flowing sleeve would reappear this autumn. It was foreshadowed by the voluminous tulle sleeves that reached to the wrist and hung downward in points. Every cable from Paris insisted upon the preference shown by the French women for gowns that did not expose the arms, even though they were half low at the neck. Fantastic gowns in this country, designed for the footlights, brought a good deal of attention to themselves by the immensity of their sleeves, but these were usually fashioned on some antique Chinese idea, for their square outline was held in place by Chinese tassels and jade bracelets.

Then came the first Callot gown with the genuine medieval sleeve. The men who were in Paris early in the summer and who saw the possibilities in the renewal of such a sleeve, got it over here before the actual Callot gowns were unwrapped and displayed to the American public.

It is not easy to define these sleeves by simply calling them medieval. To our American minds, they are reminiscent of the Abbey drawings. They might have been worn by the daughters of King Lear. And above all, their beauty catches the eye because of the cathedral colors in which they are dyed.

Chinese Panels.

There is another important feature in the new fashions that no woman can fail to overlook. These are what are known in France as flying panels. They are supposedly adopted from Chinese dress. They are placed on the skirt or on the bodice, and there are extreme gowns in which they swing from the shoulders.

Jenny uses them in a gown that is fashioned after those worn by Chinese women. It has an oddly shaped, trousered skirt of chiffon that is exceedingly modest and graceful. Over this fabric hang straight, flying panels in iridescent taffeta that is weighted with gold and crystal fringe. The waist is loosely girdled about by a Chinese sash, and the long, floating sleeves of chiffon and crystals are caught in at the wrists and are transparent.

Jenny, however, is not the only one who uses panels in whatever way they can be accommodated to the human figure. Douillet puts them on one-piece frocks and gathers them together at the waist under a girdle of some ornate, glowing fabric.

Mme. Paquin makes an evening gown that is just two panels over a tight, sheathlike skirt, and the two are held in at the waistline by a brilliantly colored sash that somewhat imitates the American bustle silhouette by resolving itself into a bow and ends at the side.

Premet, who has turned out such unusually good gowns this year, assembles her flying panels under a sash of Chinese or Japanese embroidery and arranges it in a big looped bow at the side which looks something like a bustle that has slipped—an uncomfortable and disagreeable way that they had of doing in that 1890 period when women wore them in an uglier form than they are introduced today.

Need Not Match Skirt.

It is not necessary to go to any trouble to have the panels match the tight skirt beneath in either color or material. Lanvin insists that the greater the difference between the two, the better the style. She will use hyacinth blue and black together or golden tan and deep purple.

Even when these flying panels are not converted into an entire gown, there is a leading fashion which sees to it that most of our frocks look as though they were split up the sides, to show the tightest skirt that we could walk in.

Cheruit and many of her colleagues have not forsaken the apron gown. The little accessory which resembles an apron, but is intended for ornament and not service, appears on a sufficient number of new frocks to proclaim itself still in fashion.

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The Furs Most Used.

The furs which appear most often this season are Hudson seal, nutria, kolinsky, Russian rat, mouton and fox, especially fox dyed in fancy colors.

It's All Over Then.

If a girl can get a young man to stand up beside the piano, leaning on it with one elbow and looking down into her face as she plays, she doesn't have to be much of a musician.

A white wool sweater has small flowers embroidered at the breast pocket of fine silk soutache.

Navy and flame and navy and geranium red are two startling color combinations.

Apron tunics not unlike the maid's apron, with sash ends tied into a bow at the back are noted on some of the new satin models.

Lace shoes are for utility and dressy wear. The tan boot will have a heel from one and a half to three-quarter inches high and a wing or imitation wing toe.

A Rose Taupe Dinner Dress.

A dinner dress of rose taupe and silver brocade is high at the back and is brought over the shoulders in short kimono effect; a sash is of brown velvet and lovely broeze and white beadings are over the front.

We're Wearing Bibs Again.

The bib of babyhood days has been revived for the present-day maid and matron, and this is often worked out in beads on the blouse. Some patterns are checked, others in flower designs.



This top coat is made of plum-colored satin with a woolen back, brocade in plum and mauve floss. Collar and cuffs are of black sealskin with edge of Russian fish. The draw string allows the coat to be either loose or tight at waistline.

Jewel to the inexperienced eye more than the flames from a conflagration. This gown is not marred by trimming. As the French say, it goes without a garnish. The neck is not low in the way that Callot is apt to arrange it, and the sleeves not only cover the arms and wrists, but the back of them hangs to the knees when the arms are dropped.

When Callot features a new thing, it is bound to be significant, and, therefore, when she puts a modified angel sleeve in the same gown with an extreme Josephine waistline, she is producing something that will be widely copied and worn by women of the most ultrafashionable convictions.

Medieval Sleeve Featured.

Probably the medieval sleeve will receive more attention from American women than the First Empire waistline. This fact is increasingly evident in the exhibitions of Ameri-

FASHION'S FANCIES

Boudoir caps of satin with ruffled edge have a chin strap.

Directoire and postillion shapes are the last word from Paris.

Wooden or bone beads much larger than the glass variety are used in elaborate platters on frocks of sheer fabric.

Canteen and melon muffs are shown by some of the smart houses and long bolster muffs in the better skins.

The tendency to give a narrow effect to the skirts about the ankles is more and more marked.

Brocade satins for the long narrow collars, as well as other smart shapes are being made up for wear with coat suits or tailored dresses.

Coral chiffon velvet is combined with royal purple in a luxurious evening wrap, the purple embroidered in coral floss and tinsel thread.

Collars and vests of real princess and duchess lace are being made up for wear with black chiffon velvet dresses.

Rolling collars and cuffs of white satin are given a smart military touch by stitched lines of soutache braid.

EL PASO to JUAREZ



The International Bridge.

YOU can see El Paso two ways. You can be a little hysterical, as I am, over the border-town thrillings of things. Or you can close a cold, canny commercial eye and get a chamber-of-commerce angle on its go-West-young-man opportunities. I never saw a town where they care so little about dust storms and so much about industrial chances, writes Zoe Beckley in the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

My ninth story window is in as handsome a hotel as ever reared its elegant facade from the gilt and marble, Turkish rug and hat check belt of New York city. It has all the modern conveniences with a few western developments like free newspapers at your door in the morning.

Now look out southward, past a rocky mountain almost at your elbow. Into that longish, squat-building street where the sun shines and the dust blows. At its end runs a ribbon of muddy water, too shallow to wet the ankles of a Chihuahua pup. The Rio Grande!

Beyond you see a blotch of brown cubes scattered on the slope of the grim and rugged mesa, with the shot-marred, whitewashed Cathedral of Guadalupe rising feebly in their midst. Mexico!

The cubes of "dobe" houses, where whole families, including the dog, the burro, the pig and the flea, live in dirt-laden hovels. Ragged, sans furniture, building their mesquite wood fires on the mud floor! Mexico! You are looking from the twentieth century into the sixteenth, with only a street and a bridge to join them.

Neat Shops Scare Trade Away.

Now we'll descend and walk toward that famous though many-looking international bridge where the neat United States citizen and the forlorn cotton-clad, grubby Carranzista meet face to face every 20 seconds at the mid-

throw them. Lunching and dining at the market place is the sociable Mexican mode.

Baths Their Passports.

There is a government bathhouse by the river bank, where certain ceremonies must be performed by the rebellious citizens of Juarez before they can commute regularly into El Paso as house and hotel servants, workmen and clerical employees.

Now we cross the bridge. Afoot, the military authorities and customs men treat you indifferently. In the trolley car the examination is more elaborate. Past the poor "dobe" houses, through the doors of which you get glimpses of family life unpleasantly intimate, we go into the Via Diabolo, called by Jack London the wickedest slum in the world.

I cannot vouch for its depravity, but I should think it must be the dirtiest, dustiest, poorest, weirdest, rowdiest, tawdiest and most heterogeneous, barring possibly some sinister suburb of Algeria.

Gaming houses are the staple Sunday attraction. Sweating crowds of men and women rim the tables, the lottery booths, the wheels of fortune—and, to judge by most of the patrons, of misfortune—that fill the barlike shacks.

One nun in five is some sort of soldier, wearing some sort of fragmentary uniform.

Poverty and Squalor.

Notice the rakish cartridge belts—some worn straight around in rows, some over one shoulder, some over both crossed back and front. Ammunition is debited to the men, and they have to take care of it! The begrimed fellows, with the bits of leather thonged about their bare feet, with dirty serapes on their shoulders, are of the piteous poor class.

You have seen poverty and squalor at home, but never such as this! The

dle. Near the bridge the Mexicans get dirtier, the street dustier, the shops shabbier.

"We don't fix up the place much," one storekeeper told me. "We'd lose our Mex trade. They don't feel comfortable coming into a fussed-up, flossy place!"

That wooden jumble over there to the left is the market. Note the Mexican women on the ground, shawls to the eyes (they believe all illness comes from something in-breathed; hence the covered mouths) selling stuff.

The flapjacks they claw from a bucket and stuff into the palm of the passerby are tortillas, Mex bread. They are not considered shopworn because the customer finds them wanting in quality, but are casually slapped back again into their receptacle.

Apparently the wearing qualities of tortillas are excellent. You have seen a limp stack of them examined and rejected by half a dozen prospective purchasers, yet they look scarcely frayed, and are still quite salable.

Hear the music? Guitars, tambourines and voices. A group of greaser lads are playing, half for sheer love of it, half for the coins the people eating at the long, sloppy tables will

poor at home at least work in the hope of overcoming their wretchedness. Here all is sullen. No opportunity, no ambition, no hope at all.

And now the bull ring, ancient, chipped by random shots of many an opera bouffe revolution, painted in raucous dabs of white, green and yellow, with a band emitting frightful blares above the entrance arch!

A grubby Mexican in cotton clothes and a hat with towering crown and 30-inch brim distributes handbills announcing that at 4 p. m. "four arragantes y bravos toros, four" will be fought to death. Follow the names of the intrepid matadores, banderilleros, picadores, etc., who are to fight under the auspices of the Charities association" (C).

Seats on the "entrada sombra" (shady side of the ring) are \$2; those on the "entrada a sol" are \$1—and if in all the world there is to be seen more wanton cruelty and horror for a trifling fee tell me where it is! Yet women and young girls flock there, bringing dressed-up children as to a picnic picnic!

The wise woman powders her complexion as well as her face.

His Chief Desire.

General Pershing told in Paris a story about a young American soldier.

"He talked a lot on the voyage over," said the general, "of the delight he would take in sightseeing when on leave."

"Don't miss Notre Dame cathedral, in Paris," said a French volunteer.

"You bet I won't," said he.

"Don't miss Westminster Abbey, in London," said a Scot.

"No, siree! But say, fellows," the young soldier declared, "th thing I'm craziest of all to see is the Church of England!"

Derivation of "Hellespont."

Hellespontus, (meaning the Sea of Helle), is the ancient Latin name of the Strait of the Dardanelles, the long, narrow strait connecting the Aegean sea, or eastern part of the Mediterranean, with the Sea of Marmara. The English form of the Latin word Hellespontus is Hellespont. The name is derived from the story of Helle being drowned in the strait.

Mr. Dumpsey (who catches Johnny among his mother's fresh tarts)—Look here, Johnny! What are you up to? Johnny (indistinctly)—Up to the ninth, pa, but they're awfully small.



Mission of Our Lady of Guadalupe, in Juarez.

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Treatment of Paretics.

As a result of two and a half years or treating paretics in the New Jersey State hospital with salvarsan, neosalvarsan and albuminate of mercury injected into the spinal cord, Drs. Britton D. Evans and Frederic H. Thorne report to the Medical Journal that this method has little or no value.

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A medicinal preparation like Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, that has real curative value almost self. Like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited to those who are in need of it.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is a physician's prescription. It has been tested for years and has brought results to countless numbers who have suffered.

The success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that it furnishes almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder diseases, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

Do not suffer. Get a bottle of Swamp-Root from any druggist now. Start treatment today.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Christians in Japan.

Of Japan's 54,000,000 people, about 200,000 are Christian believers. This figure includes Roman and Greek Catholic converts. Protestant church members number 97,350, of whom 11,896 were baptized in 1915-1916. The gain was about 14 per cent.

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Lesson in English.

Pollu had taught Sammy a few simple French sentences. "Now," said Sammy, "I will reciprocate by teaching Pollu a few simple United States sentences." So he gave Pollu this one to ponder: "Blackie! my side kick, is white clear through, but he's a raw, half-baked piece of cheese."

MOTHER!

Have you ever used MOTHER'S JOY SALVE for Colds, Coughs, Croup and Pneumonia, Asthma, and Head Catches? If you haven't get it at once. It will cure you.—Adv.

Where Women Could Help.

Marie Willis—How Inconsistent the government! For their officers' training camps they say they want applicants who can handle men.

Jane Willis—Yes?

Marie Willis—And yet they won't let us women enlist.

Indigestion produces disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills stimulate the digestive processes to function naturally. Adv.

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